



ARISE, YE DEAD, AND COME TO JUDGEMENT.

DR. YOUNG'S POEM
ON THE
LAST DAY.

TRANSLATED INTO PROSE,
After the manner of the ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

BY T. HENRY, A. M.

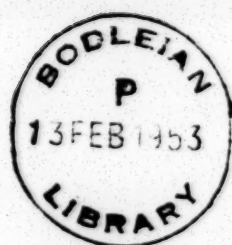
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

P O E M S

ON THE
General Conflagration and Last Judgment,
BY SEVERAL HANDS.

TOGETHER WITH
Meditations amongst the Tombs,
And the Joys of Heaven,
BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
Sold by R. THOMSON in the Strand.



TO THE
READER.

THE Translator has frequently heard many sensible persons complain that this and other pieces of religious poetry were too hard to be understood by them, and at the same time express their wishes, that they were turned into prose, which they could understand in a manner at the first glance.

glance, without any labour or study; to satisfy this reasonable desire, he has attempted the following translation, which he hopes will be of service to every Christian reader, who is fully persuaded of a judgment to come, and a recompence to be bestowed upon the righteous, far beyond their hopes and wishes; and that it may also be of use to some baptised infidels, who care for none of those things, but who would be glad that their souls should for ever sleep in the dust with their bodies. He presumes the following work will make them fall into a serious reflexion with themselves, and
 address

[v]

address their souls in some such language as the following.

“ O my soul, thou must not be
“ pleased with this lower world,
“ and all the enjoyments of it ; no,
“ thou must rise from it, and soar
“ above the clouds ; thou must
“ pass the first and second heavens,
“ and not stop there either, but go
“ through the boundless spaces on
“ the other side of creation, on thy
“ journey to eternal bliss, until thou
“ beholdest the Heaven of Heavens
“ open, and angels receiving and
“ conveying thee still onward far
“ beyond the stretch of thy present
“ imagination to the presence of
“ thy

*“ thy God and Saviour, and all
 “ the august assembly, who fill the
 “ place with their everlasting hal-
 “ lelujahs.”* That this may an-
 swer these purposes, and that the
 reader may feel all the elevated
 sentiments of pious extacy and tri-
 umph, which breathe in this ex-
 quisite piece, is the earnest prayer
 of the Translator : and by this
 means that every reader may address
 his soul in the words of the great
 Mr. Pope.

VITAL

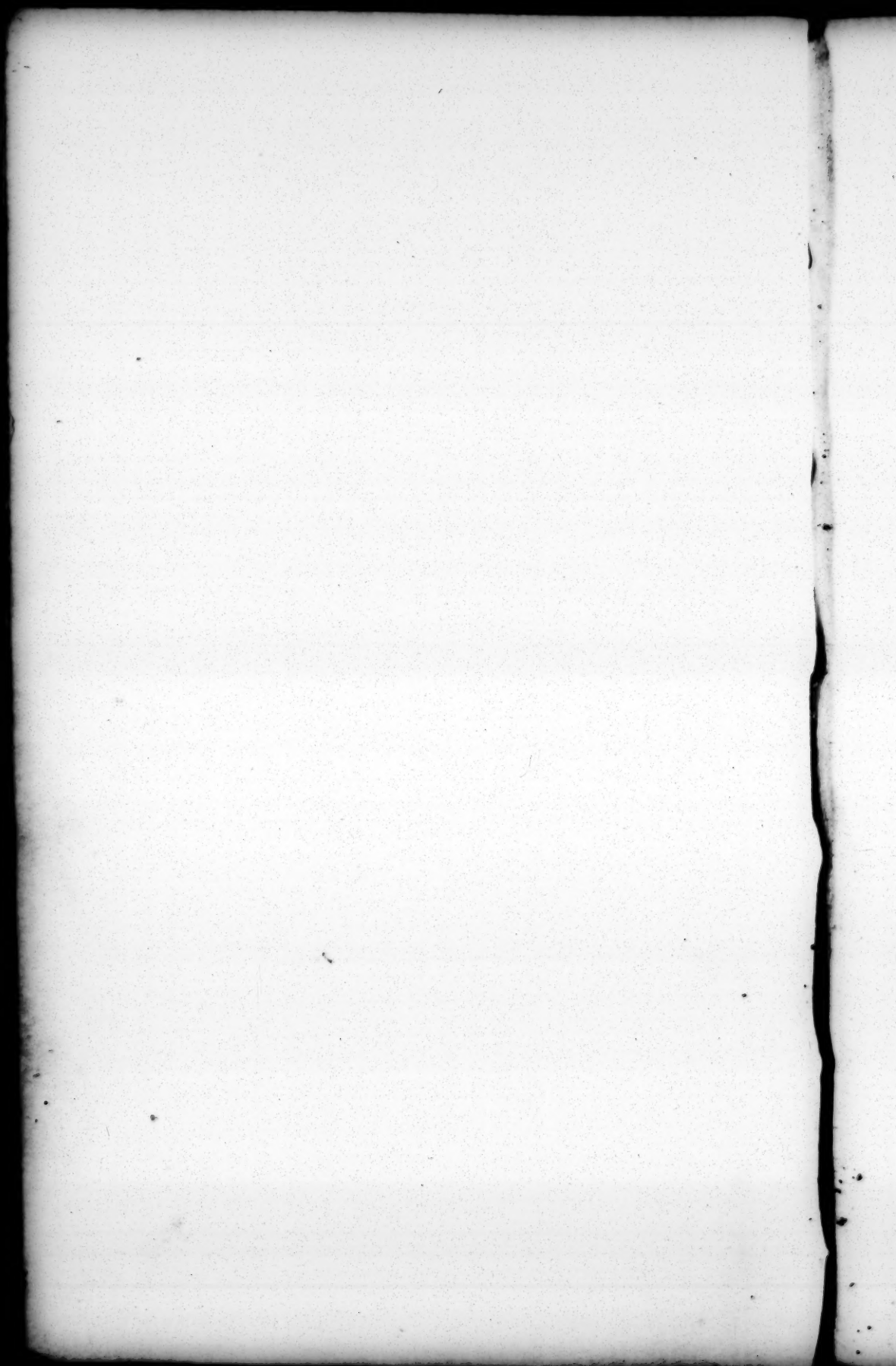
I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal
frame :

Trembling, hoping, lingring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?



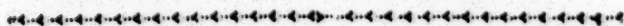


T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K F I R S T.



Ipse Pater, media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.----- VIRG.

Amidst the gloomy horror, Jove, from high,
His lightning slings through the tempestuous sky
And shakes the mighty globe, while man and beast
Fly, or fall down, with sudden fears oppress.



WHILE others have it for their
theme to sing the honours of
the great, and set their souls on fire,
by recounting all the glorious actions
of the victorious MARLBOROUGH, the
A renowned

2 THE LAST DAY.

renowned hero of BRITAIN, whose immortal deeds will for ever warm the heart of every true ENGLISHMAN; I draw a far deeper scene, a scene ushered in by a much louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields; when the world shall be alarmed, and both earth and heaven overthrown, and NATURE shall give its last tremendous groan; when DEATH's ancient sceptre shall be broken, the tombs shall give up their dead, and the righteous JUDGE shall pronounce the everlasting doom of all mankind.

BETWEEN joy and pain, I take a view of this bold design, and earnestly ask my anxious heart if I am able for the task. Whatever great, glorious, or dreadful that has been done either
within

THE LAST DAY. 3

within the sight of the conscious sun,
or stars, are objects far beneath my pre-
sent attempt. I look down with con-
tempt on all the dominions and splen-
dor of the BRITISH crown. This
globe itself is of too small extent,
and by far too narrow a boundary for
my verse. O therefore attend me, all
ye glorious worlds around, and all ye
heavenly angels, of every place, kind,
or order, however you may be disjoin-
ed: hear and assist the feeble lays of
a mortal, for all my ambition is striv-
ing to praise your ETERNAL KING.

BUT chiefly Thou, who art the
great RULER and LORD of the uni-
verse, before whose throne even arch-
angels fall prostrate; if at thy first
nod, BEAUTY and all yon sparkling

A 2

worlds

4 THE LAST DAY.

worlds of light sprang from **DISCORD**
and from **NIGHT**, exalt even me;
quell all my inward tumults; dispel
the clouds and darkness that hang up-
on my mind: do thou inspire my
breast, and fill my labouring soul with
a holy fire, equal to the great subject
that I sing.

O MAN! lift up thy brow aloft,
and view every grace in the beauteous
face of **NATURE**: see the gay bloom
of **SPRING**, and the golden store of
AUTUMN; see how the earth smiles,
and hear how old **OCEAN** roars. When
Leviathans heave their cumbrous tails,
it makes a tide, and wind-bound na-
vies fail. Observe how forests rise,
the awful pride of the hills. See how
rivers bound the different nations and
climates,

THE LAST DAY. 5

climates, and as it were divide the different worlds. Observe how the valleys, which are fraught with the resplendent seeds of gold, hold the fortunes of kings and kingdoms in their beds. See how the aspiring hills, that ascend to the skies, extend their shades over distant lands. Behold cities, armies, and fleets, and the pride of all, the British navy, which gives law to EUROPE, riding in ALBION'S channel. Take an unconfined prospect of the vast landscape of the whole world, and view all her glories joined in BRITAIN.

THEN let the glorious firmament raise thy wonder; thou wilt there see something so wonderful, that it will transcend all thy praise. Let thy labour-

6 THE LAST DAY.

ing eye, which can scarcely descry the azure distant bounds from east to west, view this wide theatre, where tempests play at large, and the right hand of God can all its wrath discharge. Observe how the sun and moon, those radiant lamps, inflame the pole, call forth all the seasons, and controul the year: they shine throughout every age, and their rays are never altered or diminished, yet they shall decay when this grand period comes. The firmament is glorious with such golden pomp, and myriads throng the ethereal space, which is so stored with such a bright blaze, that it would be a sin in the Heathens not to have adored it.

HOW great, how sacred, and how firm all appears, and how worthy of an immortal

THE LAST DAY. 7

immortal round of years! And yet all must drop at last, like the sickliest grain of AUTUMN, and both earth and firmament be sought for in vain; the tract where the constellations shone shall be forgotten, and the place where the family of the STUARTS filled an awful throne shall be remembered no more: TIME shall be slain, and all nature be destroyed, leaving not so much as one atom in the mighty void.

THIS must be either sooner or later, but it remains at present an awful secret in the book of fate: it may be this very hour, for any thing that human wisdom can tell, or it may be after ten thousand harvests have passed, when all the present scenes are altered on this revolving earth, when old empires

8 THE LAST DAY.

Have fallen, and given birth to new ones; when other BOURBONS rule in other lands, and, if man's sins forbid not, other ANNES: while the busy world is still treading over the very same paths which they trod five thousand years before, and as thoughtless of a dissolution of the earth, or an extinguished sun, as those who now run the mazes of life.

AWAKE, awake! ye sublunary worlds, and hear and tremble, all ye rulers of nations! Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day, and instantly shall involve all the dominions of the world in a sudden night; impetuous winds shall rend the scattered forests, and bend the eternal mountains like their cedars; the vallies shall yawn,
and

THE LAST DAY. 9

and the troubled ocean shall roar,
breaking through all bounds, and over-
spreading its usual shore; the silver
moon shall be covered with a sanguine
stain, and darkness invade the circle of
the sun: when behold a mighty trump,
half concealed in the clouds, and the
other half revealed to the eyes of mor-
tals, shall pour a most dreadful note,
and its awful call shall pierce the very
centre of the earth; the extended cir-
cuit of creation shall shake; it will
cause the dead to awake, and the living
to die for fear.

OH powerful blast! the frightened
ear of nature was never wounded by
such a sound, notwithstanding rival cla-
rions have been strained on high, and
through the sky, kindled immortal wars;

A 5

though

10 THE LAST DAY.

though God's whole enginry was discharged against the rebel angels bellowing in their fall.

IF angels who sinned have been driven down, should not man beware of the same crimes? by what means then shall a son of this earth decline the snares that are laid for him? neither slackness of the mind nor folded arms can promise this safety to mankind. There is no person good through supineness and idleness; it must be by various arts, and much care and pain. The scene of life is a scene of combat, and not of rest, for man's happiness is laborious at the best; his joys are joys of conquest, and not of peace, for his dangers never cease on this side death.

IF

THE LAST DAY. 11

IF then we are obsequious to the will of Providence, and submit to such terms as we must be liable to in our human frail state, whenever guilty joys invite us to their arms; if beauty should allure us with her smiles, or the charms of grandeur tempt us; if the conscious soul would display this great scene before her eyes, and view the immortal hosts placed in dreadful array, the trumpet sounding, the christian banner spread, and the trembling dead raised from their silent graves; this picture would make such deep impressions, that no power on earth could shake her firm resolution; engaged with angels, she would be so elevated as to look down with contempt, and have no regard either for sea or land; if whole worlds were offered to her, such a temptation

12 THE LAST DAY.

as this would not restrain her ardour, and even death might shake his threatening lance in vain; the certain hope of conquest would endear the fight, and the danger would only serve to supply the soul with light.

BEING therefore instructed to shun the fatal spring from whence all the terrors of that day flow, we may more boldly pursue our labours, and set the dreadful image in full view before our face.

WHEN we view the sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast, the burnished scale, the coloured train, the rising crest, and all that is lovely in the noxious snake, all this tends only to provoke our fear, and make us fly
with

THE LAST DAY. 13

with the utmost speed from it ; when once the sting is extracted from it, the guiltless beauties and the pleasing lustre serves to delight and detain our eyes ; what before made us view it with horror and affright, softens the strong aversion we had to it to love and admiration.

SAY then, O my soul, who art delighted with dismal scenes, and with visiting the tombs in the realms of night ; say, if thou art bold enough to dare the last extremes of terror and despair ; oh say what change is there now on earth, and what heart in man, in this the blackest moment that ever the earth beheld.

AH mournful turn indeed! the blessed

14 THE LAST DAY.

fed earth which so lately rolled in state
on her axle; while thousands of golden
planets knew no rest, but constantly
pressed forward on their circling
journey, some to bring a grateful
change of seasons, and a sweet vicissitude
of spring and fall, some to conduct the
keel through the vast oceans and others
to influence the tides, and make the watry
worlds sink or swell; some to display their
splendors around her, and gild her globe
with a tributary day: this great world,
once the joy and bright abode of the
darling child of heaven, and the favourite
of her God, now looks as if exiled from
her father's care, and delivered over
to the blackest darkness and despair;
she has now no sun to shine on
high with radiant glory, nor no other
light

THE LAST DAY. 15

light but such as proceeds from the terrors of the sky; her mountains are now fallen, and her most famed rivers lost, and every thing is tost into a second chaos: an universal ruin is now spread abroad, and nothing is safe beneath God's throne.

SUCH then is thy fate, O earth; what then canst thou afford to support and comfort thy guilty LORD? man, who is the haughty LORD of all beneath the moon, how must he now bend down the ambition of his soul! when he is thus prostrated, he must own this reptile for his fellow, and notwithstanding his assuming brow and boasted stature, he must now claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form, that gives him only distinction from
his

16 THE LAST DAY.

his sister worm. What dreadful pangs do now invade the trembling heart ! LORD, why dost thou forsake that which thou hast made ? who can sustain thy anger, or who can stand below thy lifted hand ? it exceeds all the reach of thought. Oh save me in that tremendous hour, thou who art the supreme of all powers ; thou who hast stood beneath the frowns of thy FATHER'S wrath, and in thy dreadful agony sweat great drops of blood ; thou who hast felt for me the most exquisite of all mortal pains through every one of thy throbbing veins ; who wast led captive by death, when in the realms below, and wast well acquainted with all those horrid mysteries of woe ; oh save me, thou who art the supreme of
all

THE LAST DAY. 17

all Powers, and defend me, oh my
God ! in that tremendous hour.

THE wicked fly from east to west,
from pole to pole, imploring shelter
from the divine wrath ; they beg of
the flames to devour them, the over-
whelming seas to bury them, or the
rocks to yawn with compassion and
swallow them up. Seas now cast the
monster forth to meet his doom, and
the rocks now become a prison to se-
cure him for the wrath that is to come.

SO it fares with the traitor to an
earthly crown, while he is threatened
with death by the frown of the Prince ;
his heart is dismayed, and his fears
make him go to a foreign land : swift
orders fly, the king's decree stands in
the

18 THE LAST DAY.

the channel and locks up the sea, and having given command to send him back, his orders are obeyed, and the rebel is hurled on to the sword of justice.

BUT why should I toil so hard to paint that day? this is only taking a great deal of labour to no purpose; it is not in the power of Rhetorick to make the distress less; even a good man trembles at the thoughts of it.

AND is there then a LAST DAY? and must there come a sure, a fixed and unalterable doom? let ambition spread its proud sails, and take in all the winds that vanity can blow; let wealth stand blazing on a golden mountain, and hold out an India in each

THE LAST DAY. 19

each hand; and do thou, O tempting vine, spread all thy clusters; and, bright BEAUTY, the most dreadful of all foes, rise and shine in all your charms together, that I may despise you in your most lovely array, whilst I with strong desire mount upwards to HEAVEN, like ELIJAH, in a fiery chariot.

TO be quite involved in the hopes of glory! to long to be dissolved, and smile at death! to receive pleasure from every decay of nature, and kindle into transport at a grave! what can equal this? the victor now cannot boast the loaded laurels on his proud brow; religion, thou art a cherub! thou art heavenly bright! thou art full of unmixed joys, and fathomless delight! religion,

20 THE LAST DAY.

ligion, thou art all, nor find I any thing
in the whole creation but GOD and
my own soul.

O THEN, my soul, for ever adore
thy GOD, and don't suffer the brute
creation to praise him more than thou.
Shall things that are inanimate blame
thy conduct, and make my conscious
cheek blush for shame? They all speak
his praise, and answer the end for which
they were created; the mounting
flames suspend their burning power,
and the billows stand in heaps without
being frozen; they are awed to rest
and silence by his command: Nay,
the dire monsters which infest the
flood, and by nature are frightful, and
thirst for blood, his will can calm, and
bind their savage tempers, turning
them

THE LAST DAY. 21

them to be the mild protectors of mankind. Did not the prophet experience this great truth in the dark chamber of the gloomy sea, when darkness spread all her horrors round him, and the sea bellowed and roared over his sinking head?

WHEN now the thunder roars,
and the lightning flies, and all the
warring winds rise in tumult; when
the foaming surges are tost to such a
height as to touch the sky, and dis-
close the sands beneath, when nothing
but the prospect of death is before
their faces, the mariners aghast look
back with terror on their past actions,
and their courage sickens into deep
despair; their hearts melt away through
fear and anguish, and neither their
prayers

22 THE LAST DAY.

prayers nor their tears can appease the tempest; they now devote their treasures to the seas, and, though their bark be richly laden, they instantly unload her, and think their hopes of life cheaply bought with gems and gold; but oh! the storm is now risen so high, that neither gems nor gold can buy so much as the hopes of life.

THEY then to save themselves throw the trembling prophet into the sea; he descends, the billows close over his head, and he is numbered with the dead. Therefore, O ye that are just! hear, and pursue the bright paths of piety. Lo! the great RULER of the world looks down from on high with a propitious eye, and covers his servant with his gracious hand, commanding
tempestuous

THE LAST DAY. 23

tempestuous nature to stand silent ; he bids the peaceful waters to give place, and kindly fold him in a soft embrace ; he bridles in the monsters of the deep, and they keep an awful distance : they forget their hunger, while they view their prey, and peaceably gaze and play round the stranger.

BUT new wonders still arise ; and nature's LORD sends his powerful word forth into the deep, and calls the great Leviathan, who attends in all his state, and exults for joy at having the great CREATOR's commands laid upon him ; he with a mighty bound makes the sea shake, the noise of which causes heaven and earth to resound ; the waters are blackened by the rising of the sand,
and

24 THE LAST DAY.

and the vast billows are driven to a distant land.

JUST as the imprisoned air in the bowels of the earth struggles for vent, and by an earthquake lays bare the centre : so the whale expands his enormous jaws ; the prophet with surprize views the cavern, and in his thoughts measures his monstrous teeth, which he sees at a distance, his wondering eyes rolling from side to side : he takes possession of the spacious seat, and sails securely in this dark retreat. He is now pleased to hear the northern blast, and, void of fear, hangs on the liquid mountains, or is immersed in the deeps below ; he is conveyed to the foundations of the hills, and dwells in the dreadful shade of the shelving mountains ;

THE LAST DAY. 25

tains ; he draws his breath where the plummet never reached, and glides serenely through the paths of death.

HE roves two wondrous days through labyrinths of rocks, and sands, and coral groves : when the third arrives, and the sun gilds the mountains, playing upon the billows, it sees the king of the waters rise, and pour forth his sacred treasure, without his having sustained the least harm : a type of man's resurrection, which shall be the subject of the next book.

B

THE



T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K S E C O N D.

—We hope, that the departed will
rise again from the dust: after which,
like the Gods, they will be immortal.

PHOCYL.

NOW man awakes, and lifts his
head from his silent bed, where
he has slept for ages; he now shakes
off the slumber of ten thousand years,
and appears on the borders of new
worlds. Whatever the bold adventure
should

THE LAST DAY. 27

should cost, I am not afraid of being lost in wide eternity. The muse loves generally to sing in narrow bounds, either to teach the swain, or celebrate the king; but I grasp the whole, and will confine myself no longer to a part. I now lift my voice to all human kind: I sing to men and angels, who will certainly join their sacred songs to mine, while I sing such a theme.

THE trumpet's intermitted sound rolls round the whole circuit of creation, to prepare an universal concourse of all that ever breathed in the vital air; some active whirlwind, after having driven cities, forests, and mountains to the deep, shall sweep some wide spacious field smooth, and lengthen out the unbounded space, and make

28 THE LAST DAY.

an area, whereon all the human race may appear.

NOW every monument shall prove faithful to its trust, and each of them will restore that dust which has been long committed to their charge ; now all the charnels shall rattle ; the scattered limbs and all the various bones shall be obsequious to the call, and shall advance, being moved by natural instinct ; the neck perhaps to meet the distant head, and the feet the distant legs. What a dreadful sight must it be, to see the fragments of bodies fly confusedly through the distant regions of the world, journeying through the dusky sky, there to claim their deserted members, and compleat their frame !

WHEN

THE LAST DAY. 29

WHEN the world bowed to the almighty sword of ROME, and ROME bowed to POMPEY, and confessed her lord, yet by losing one single day, he that was before looked upon as a deity, became the scorn and pity of his foe. His blood was made a sacrifice to a traitor, and indignant smoked on the blade of a ruffian's sword. There was no founding of trumpets, nor horrible yelling of the army, to bid farewell to his great soul. He fell in an obscure manner, and weltering in his gore, his trunk was cast out to rot upon the shore. While JULIUS frowned the bloody monster to death, who brought to him the head of his great rival. This head that was severed from the body shall once more join, though both realms and roaring oceans

30 THE LAST DAY.

now rise between them. Each vagrant mote, whether fixed on the earth, or floating in the air, shall hear the trumpet's sound wafted in the wind, and shall obey the signal, and not so much as one sleeping atom shall lag behind. Just in the same manner as a hive of bees, that play in airy rings and wild meanders, are pleased with the tinkling of a brass pan, give over wandering, and gently circling descend on a bough.

THE body being thus renewed, the conscious soul, which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole, or straying with wonder amongst the burning planets, or perhaps hovering over the place where her pale corps was laid ; or rather has been waiting on her final state,
either

THE LAST DAY. 31

either fearing or wishing for her appointed doom : this soul being filled with a constant flame, is now for ever wedded to her other part, which is now made immortal. The springs of life, which before were run down, are now wound up so high as to maintain an everlasting round.

IT is with man as with a builder, his present state is no more than a model of what is to come : thus the frail model shews the mind of the builder, before he raises the structure of solid oak and marble, or bids the strong arch rise to sustain the large columns, which are to bear the lofty palace to the skies, strengthened with ribs of adamant and brass, to enable it to sus-

32 THE LAST DAY.

tain all the injuries that time can do it.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, that ancient illustrious dome, where fair Albion's heroes come sooner or later, both from the camp and the court, though never so great, wise, or just, to feed the worms, and moulder in the dust: that solemn mansion of the dead, where every passing slave treads over sleeping monarchs, now populous overflows, and a numerous race of rising kings fills all the extended space. It is not now the victorious sword, nor crowned head, that makes the distinction between the king and the peasant, but a life well spent will award the heavenly crown to all the race of mankind. Nor is it now only monuments
and

THE LAST DAY. 33

and burial earth that labour with man till his second birth come, but even those gay palaces that arise in so much pomp, and those gilded theatres that now invade the skies; nations shall wake, whose bones, though they be now unrespected, yet support the pride of their luxurious sons: for the most magnificent and costly dome is no more than the upper chamber to a tomb. There is not a spot on the earth but what has some time or other supplied a grave, and the spacious ocean is paved with human skulls; every thing is full of man, and at this dreadful turn, the swarm shall issue forth, and the hive shall be burned.

BUT all shall not be raised at once, nor in the same manner; some shall

B 5

lift

34 THE LAST DAY.

lift their slow unwilling eyes with pain,
shun blefs the grave, and sink back-
ward from the terror of the light, de-
siring rather to be buried in everlast-
ing night. Others, whose virtue
through every temptation stood fixed as
a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
whose firm resolutions even beauty it-
self could not melt down, nor the
frowns of raging tyrants move from
their fixed purpose ; such shall be seen
in this horrible day, with a godlike
mien to face the thunder, though the
centre shakes and the planets drop.
Their thoughts are fixed above, and
their hearts disdain to move : impatient
with delay, they serenely view the
earth dissolving, and the heaven thrown
wide, a yawning gulph, and fiends on
every side.

OH

THE LAST DAY. 35

OH what a wondrous change is here! what unknown objects rise, so as to shake my belief, and fill me with surprize! here greatness falls prostrate, and there strength gives place; here the sick and distempered smile, there the consummate beauty hides her face. TURKS, PAGANS, CHRISTIANS, and JEWS stand throng, blended in one undistinguished band. Some who perhaps expired by mutual wounds, being fired with zeal for distinct persuasions, now break their long slumber, and join hand in hand in partaking of their SAVIOUR's love.

BUT none are flushed with brighter joy, and made to enjoy the storm with a more just and warm confidence, than those whose pious boun-

36 THE LAST DAY.

ries have made them the public
 fathers of mankind. With what shin-
 ing light and distinguished glory
 does that illustrious number, WICK-
 HAM, FOX, CHICHELEY, who were
 the founders of New-College, Corpus-
 Christi, and All-Souls colleges in Ox-
 FORD, appear! let my grateful muse
 bend down, and pay homage to them,
 for it was under their shade, and near
 their chrystal streams, that I first pre-
 sumed to touch the trembling strings:
 all hail, and thrice-honoured! be you
 for ever renowned, who both blessed a
 people and obliged a crown: for when
 length of years shall blast other records,
 your fame shall last in your adopted
 sons, and make those kings and happy
 monarchs, under whom you thone,
 known to latest ages. You appeared
 nobly

THE LAST DAY. 37

nobly bright for a moment, then set
in night, and left the mourning world :
but now you rise to shine, and
drink the divine rays through an end-
less eternity.

OH! how shall mortals raise their
souls to praise such an indulgent God
for his bounty, which has been so pro-
fuse to all the human race? Shall I,
who only some few years ago was less
than a worm, a mite, or a shadow,
nay, was nothing, shall I live, when
every fire and every star shall languish
and expire? Shall I survive above, and
move through the radiant files of an-
gels, when earth is no more? Or as
I stand before the throne of God, and
see new worlds rolling from his spa-
cious hand, where perhaps your ad-
ventures

38 THE LAST DAY.

ventures shall be related, as we now tell how MICHAEL sung or fought ? When all that has being shall join in full concert, and celebrate the depths of divine love ?

BUT oh ! before the aspiring soul can soar this wondrous height, and enter into this blissful state, the JUDGE descending thunders from afar, and all mankind are summoned to the bar.

I NEXT presume to draw this mighty scene: great ANNA therefore attend, with religious awe. Let all fiction be far away to win our attention, or command our hearts ; let no fabled God be seen : behold the GOD of GODS descending, and unnumbered worlds attend upon his approach.

LO!

THE LAST DAY. 39

LO! the wide theatre, which must entertain the whole of the human race, is prepared, at the edict of all-powerful heaven, and fenced about with an immortal guard. Worlds, tribes, provinces, and dominions overflow the mighty plain, and every age and nation pour along, whilst NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the croud: ADAM salutes his youngest son, and none of his race are disjoined by length of time.

HOW empty is all that learning,
and how vain is all that art, which
does not tend to mend and guide the
heart! What volumes have been writ-
ten, and what time has been spent, to
fix the birth-day or descent of a hero!
What raptures must it now raise in the
foul,

40 THE LAST DAY.

foul, and what joy must it give, to see
the glorious race of antient days, and
to greet all those worthies who stand
in illustrious record before the flood !
Alas! your foul demands a nearer care,
CÆSAR now stands unnoticed in your
presence.

HOW vast is the concourse ! it is
as numerous as the waves that break
on the resounding shore, or the leaves
that tremble in the shady wood, or the
stars that gild the spangled vaults a-
bove. All those overwhelming armies,
whose rear lay wrapt in night, while
the breaking dawn roused the broad
front, and called them to the battle,
by whose command one empire stood,
and another fell : Great XERXES'
world in arms, proud CANNÆ's field,
where

THE LAST DAY. 41

where CARTHAGE taught victorious
ROME to yield, (another blow like this
had broke the decree of fate, and earth
had wanted her fourth monarchy :)
Immortal BLENHEIM and famed RA-
MILLIA's armies, they are all here.
But though their millions swell, they
are discern'd in vain, and lost just
as a billow in the unbounded ocean.

THE yielding air is now rent by
this echoing voice, "For judgment,
" judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
The earth now shakes afresh, I hear her
profound groans, which resound
through all the trembling realms of
Hell.

THE famed monarch who once in
the days of his guilty triumph said the
skies

42 THE LAST DAY.

skies belonged to JEHOVAH, but all the world was his, dare not now look up.

A SUDDEN blush now inflames the waving sky, and now the crimson curtains fly open; behold far within, and above all height, where the great SOVEREIGN of Heaven reigns in worlds of light; from whence he informs all nature, and with one ray shot from his eye surveys all her works; he who creates, supports, and confounds: where time, place, matter, form, fortune, life, and grace wait humbly at the foot-stool of their God, and all move obedient at his awful nod; from whence he beholds us vagrant emmits crawl at random on this ball, which is suspended in air; this
speck

THE LAST DAY. 43

speck of creation, upon which if he pour only one breath, the bubble is broken, and the issue of it is eternal death.

LO! now I see a flying imperial throne awfully raised, and the everlasting SON of Heaven crowned with that majesty which formed the world, and the grand rebel hurled down flaming. Now virtue, dominion, praise, and omnipotence support the throne of this triumphant prince. A zone, bright beyond the thoughts of angels, shines round about him, and winds its light like the zodiac; the solemn arches of his brows are shaded with night, and the purple morning glows in his cheek; wherever he turns his propitious eyes, we expect to find a paradise: but if
their

44 THE LAST DAY.

their mild beams reddened by resentment, then EDEN kindles, and the world is in flames. KNOWLEDGE shines with purest light on one hand, and the sword of JUSTICE fiercely bright on the other. Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed; now tell the scourged impostor he shall bleed.

BUT oh! ye sons of men, exalt your voices, and bid your souls with all their powers rejoice: mercy is his darling attribute, and found in his bosom. This scatters ambrosial odours all around, unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown; his rage is soothed, and his thunders melted down, therefore lift up thine eyes and view thy REDEEMER in thy JUDGE.

EVEN

THE LAST DAY. 45

EVEN JUDAS struggles to quiet his despair, and hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.

THUS the Source of eternal life and death bends his course through the courts of heaven: loud thunders roll round him, and lightnings play; all the angelic host are ranged in bright array, some of whom touch the string, and others sound the shell, and mingling their seraphic voice, swell into a rich concert: could SATAN hear, he would be a God again. Heaven in all her pomp shines forth compleat, for God himself is magnificently great.

TRIUMPHANT KING of Glory!
Soul of bliss! O what a most stupen-
dous turn has thy providence taken!
O!

46 THE LAST DAY.

O! whither art thou raised above the scorn and indigence of him that was born in BETHLEHEM, who was a needy, helpless guest, and thought of no account, only one degree above the foddered beast. How art thou now changed from him that was meekly laid prostrate, who vouchsafed to wash the feet of those he himself had made! How different from him who was betrayed, forsaken, and denied; who wept, languished, groaned, and gave up the ghost; hung pierced and bare, insulted by the foe! heaven was all in tears above, tho' mortals on earth remained unconcerned.

WAS it enough that the sun was commanded to retire? Why did not all nature expire at thy groan? I see, I hear,

THE LAST DAY. 47

hear, I feel the divine pangs; the world is all vanished away, and I am wholly thine.

AH, mistaken CAIAPHAS! who blasphemed? whether shalt thou or thy prisoner be now condemned? Thou mightest well rend thy garments, and deeply exclaim at the horrors of the eternal flame: but GOD is good! and even he whom thou gavest to death, shame, and torture, died for thee.

NOW the descending triumph stops its flight, full twice a planetary height from the earth. Then all the clouds condensed, raise two distinct columns, one fixed on earth, and the other on the sea, the swelling billows sounding round its ample foot. These support
an

48 THE LAST DAY.

an immeasurable arch, which is to be the grand tribunal of this awful court. Sheets of bright azure from the purest sky stream from the arch; and fly round the columns. DEATH wrapt in chaos lies low at the basis, and dies on the point of his own arrow.

HERE the Eternal JUDGE, high enthroned, is placed, and graced with all the grandeur of his Godhead; the beauteous stars meet in order on his robe, and the sun burns dreadful beneath his feet.

NOW an eminently bright archangel unfurls the Christian flag, which flies waving, and opens and shuts more than half the skies: the cross is of so strong a red, that it shades a stain
wherever

THE LAST DAY. 49

wherever it floats, whether on the earth, the air, or the main ; it flushes the hills, and sets the woods on fire, turning the deep-dyed ocean into blood.

OH ! what a formidable glory is here, and how dreadfully bright ! a refulgent torture to the eye of the guilty. Ah turn, unwary muse, and do not reveal what horrid thoughts dwell with the polluted ; do not say (to make the sun shrink in his beam) that they wish it all to be a vision of the night ; that they hope their souls may decay with their limbs, or that God may be spoiled of his eternal sway. But rather, if thou knowest, unfold the means how they may behold the scene with transport.

C

AH !

50 THE LAST DAY.

AH! there is no other means but by repentance, by a mind quick and severe, to find out its own offences; by groans and tears, and never-ceasing anxiety, and all the holy violence of prayer. Thus then I with a fervency till now unknown cast my heart before the eternal throne, in this great temple, which is surrounded by the skies, too narrow a bound for homage to its great LORD.

“ O THOU! who weighest the
“ mountains in a balance, whose sacred
“ will the seas obey; thou who canst
“ with thy breath turn those watry
“ worlds into a flame, and canst make
“ that flame a tempest, and afterwards
“ a calm; the meanest son of earth
“ falls prostrate before thee, and calls
“ upon

THE LAST DAY. 51

“ upon the abundance of thy good-
“ nefs.

“ AH! give the winds a power to
“ sweep away all my past offences, to
“ scatter them wide, and bury them
“ in the deep: may I ever see my
“ weakness, and trust in thy power,
“ and may I dedicate my soul wholly
“ to thee. Do thou reign over my
“ will, and may my passions ebb and
“ flow at thy command, without being
“ swayed by any human motive. If
“ ever my anger boil, let it be my
“ praise, and let my indignation al-
“ ways be raised against sin. Let my
“ love be warm to succour the distres-
“ sed, and to lift the burden from e-
“ very soul that is afflicted.

52 THE LAST DAY.

“ OH may my understanding ever
“ read this glorious volume, which thy
“ wisdom made ! Who is it that decks
“ the maiden Spring with pride ? Who
“ calls forth the Summer, like a bride
“ dressed in all her costliest attire ?
“ Who is it that crowns mother Au-
“ tumn’s bed with joy, and bids old
“ Winter lay down her horrors ? Why,
“ it is not the great TURK, nor the
“ greater CZAR, it is not the great
“ arbiters of peace and war in
“ EUROPE : O may earth, and sea,
“ and land, and heaven be joined, to
“ bring the eternal AUTHOR to my
“ mind ! When the awful thunders
“ roll, and the ocean roars, may the
“ thoughts of thy dreadful vengeance
“ shake my soul ! when I see the earth
“ bloom, and the planets proudly
“ shine,

THE LAST DAY. 53

“ shine, let my heart adore thy divine
“ Majesty. May thy glory be my care
“ through every scene of life, whether
“ it be in peace or war, in plenty or
“ in want ! If we sing beneath our
“ vines, it is thy vintage, and if we
“ shine in arms, the conquest is thine :
“ it is thy pleasure that points the
“ shaft, and bends the bow ; it is thou
“ that blasts the vintage, or bids it to
“ flow luxuriantly ; it is thou that
“ leadeſt forth our armies, and makeſt
“ great ANNE ſway thy ſceptre over
“ the north.

“ GRANT that I may always as
“ ſoon as the morning ray dawns con-
“ ſecrate the day to thee by prayer :
“ bid my ſoul ariſe, and tune thy great
“ praife, aſcending the ſkies with the

C 3

“ mounting

54 THE LAST DAY.

“ mounting sun; as that advances let
“ my zeal improve, and glow with all
“ the ardour of consummate love; and
“ at the evening let me not cease with
“ the setting sun, but let my endless
“ worship be still beginning. And
“ oh! permit that the solemn gloom
“ of night may forceably invite me to
“ sacred thoughts; and when this
“ world is shut, and the awful planets
“ rise, do thou call upon my mind,
“ and raise it to the skies; may my
“ soul be composed with a less daz-
“ zling sight, and behold all nature with
“ a milder aspect; shew me how every
“ boisterous thought subsides into a
“ calm, and how the smoothed spirit
“ glides into goodness. Oh! how di-
“ vine is it to tread the milky way to
“ the bright palace of the everlasting
“ LORD!

THE LAST DAY. 55

“ LORD ! to admire his court, to sue
“ for his favour, or renew leagues of
“ friendship with his saints, and be
“ pleased when all the world is a-
“ sleep to look down upon it with con-
“ tempt, while I keep long vigils to its
“ FOUNDER.

“ O THOU who canst shake the
“ centre, controul and subdue every
“ rebel in my soul : thou who canst
“ still the raging of the flood, remove
“ the various tumults of my passions ;
“ teach me to be upon my guard
“ against every alluring pleasure, and
“ to sustain with firmness every pain
“ that may assault me. O may I pant
“ for thee in each desire, and let the
“ holy extacy be fomented by a strong
“ faith ! O may I by hope stretch out

C 4

“ my

56 THE LAST DAY.

“ my soul, and grasp the prize, which
“ lies deep in the bosom of eternity !
“ And at the great day of recompence,
“ may I behold without fear the fatal
“ book unfolded ! Then let me be
“ wafted up to the blissful seat of hea-
“ ven, repeat my grateful song from
“ age to age, and see my SAVIOUR,
“ who is my light, my love, my life,
“ and may I for ever rival the sincerest
“ praises of angels.”

THE



T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K T H I R D.

*Esse quoque in fatis remittitur aëre tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID MET.

Remembring in the fates, a time when fire
Shou'd to the battlements of heav'n aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above shou'd burn;
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.

INEXT presume to sing the un-
folding of the book, the blest and
resplendent seat of saints and angels,
and the tremendous fate of guilty souls,
with the gloomy realms of woe, and

58 THE LAST DAY.

all the horrors of the infernal world :
this demands my last and most exalted
strains. And let the muse fly for ever
in inglorious shades, or now affect the
sky. Being so near the goal, she kin-
dles and is inflamed ; she mounts and
gains upon the starry pole ; as she
pursues her flight, the world grows
less, and the sun darkens to her dis-
tant sight. She is overwhelmed with
the rushing blaze of heaven, which
now opens, and with sacred pomp dis-
plays all her glories. Archangels
shout around, the triumph rings, and
the sound is lengthened out by echo-
ing nature.

NOW at once advance ten thousand
trumpets, and the vast expanse is lulled
to the deepest silence ; the blast is so
strong,

THE LAST DAY. 59

strong, and the silence so deep, that nature seems to have groaned her last and died. Neither angels nor men now move; the JUDGE seated on high looks round, and fills the sky with his glory; then lays his hand on the fatal book, which supporting seraphs raise to full view: the rituals are prepared in solemn form, the seal is broken, and a groan heard. Neither fancy nor guilty fears can draw a meeting of greater awe, or more august. Then, oh my soul! do thou fall to sudden prayer, and let this thought sink deep into thy mind, and ask thyself this question, Shalt thou be there?

BY the divine commandment the throng is divided into two parts, therefore see those that stand on the left,

60 THE LAST DAY.

how pale, how haggard, and how obscene they look! more than death appears in every face and mein! with what glarings of affright and distress they turn away the sight, and shock the very heart! their trembling eye-balls roll in their gloomy orbs, and reveal the horrid secrets of their souls. Each look is black with care, and each gesture mourns, every one of their groans being also laden with despair. Reader, if thou art guilty, thou wilt find a truer picture in thy own mind.

HOW would it wound thee,
shouldst thou behold thy father, thy
brother, or thy wife, and all the other
soft companions of thy life, divided far
from thee, and thy wretched self left
alone, cast on the left hand of the
JUDGE,

THE LAST DAY. 61

JUDGE, all that thou hast known being on the other side! what millions wouldst thou not give for one day more to live, and one more tryal? flung back in time, suppose it was only for the space of a moment, with what eagerness wouldst thou grasp the means of grace, contend with a pious rage for mercy, and endeavour in a moment to redeem an age? but thou mayest despair of this, as much as thou dost of driving back the tide, suspending a storm in the air, or restraining the sun.

NOW turn and look upon the right, and behold with how amiable a grace they look! their MAKER's image is stamped fair on every face; my ravished soul admires with what a purple bloom

62 THE LAST DAY.

bloom they are overspread, and to see their eyes sparkle with immortal fires ; this is triumphant beauty, and charms that rise far above this world, and kindle love even in the blest angels ; with holy pride they turn to the great JUDGE, and dare behold the ALMIGHTY'S anger burn ; sustain its flash, rise superior to all its terror, and fix their eye on the dreadful tribunal. Oh observe the transcendent glory of the just ! can those be the forms that mouldered in the grave ? yet the brightness of their joy is polluted by some remains of fear and doubt. Just as a chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh, beholds his blessing with a trembling eye ; his cheeks produce both joy and pain, and he feels doubtful passions throb in every nerve, lest
some

THE LAST DAY. 63

some intervening chance should rise,
leap forth at once, and seize the glorious prize.

BEHOLD now ADAM's family
from first to last, are all cast into a distinct view. O vain-glorious man, look round, and all ye that devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair, behold all the human race, particularly those who thone the brightest, who have founded different sects of religion, who either have conquered or resigned kingdoms, who gave names to nations, or joined famed empires; those who have raised vales, and laid high mountains low; who have turned the course of rivers, and who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain, could restrain the roaring ocean; those are all left, now
un-

64 THE LAST DAY.

undistinguished, and not to be found !
How will such a truth as this sound,
and how heavily will it fly round the
gilded roofs of BOURBON'S palace !
With what a weight will it ly on crowns
and sceptres ! Even the great and good
AUGUSTUS is not now seen, nor BA-
BYLON'S haughty and victorious
queen.

BEHOLD King CHARLES I. now
standing conspicuous from afar, amidst
those radiant bands of laurelled mar-
tyrs ; see how his bright rays solicit
and attract the ravished sight, in whom
two distant virtues, a royal greatness,
and a humble mind, are joined. Ob-
serve how his lifted hands surround his
lofty neck, to hide the scarlet of the
circling wound. The almighty JUDGE
bends

THE LAST DAY. 65

bends forward from his throne to mark these scars, and then regards his own. JERUSALEM's foundations loudly groan, and now fair ALBION sinks below her ambient cloud.

NOT far from thence I can trace kindred features in a majestic female face ; her consort stands by her, and the beauteous blossoms of their fruitful love smiling move around them : they are known of their parents, and they their parents know ; all their bosoms glow with a double transport ; they are blessed themselves, but what makes them more happy is to find that those who are most dear to them are equally blessed. There is a superior majesty appears in one of them who is advanced in years as well as in beauty.

What

66 THE LAST DAY.

What a melting sweetness and commanding grace appear together on his brow, which look like victory and peace ! what nation could enjoy such a blessing with a becoming humility, or could have patience enough to sustain the losing of him ?

AH ! BRITANNIA, canst thou conceive from whence this vengeance flowed ? is thy martyrs blood not yet atoned for ? the blood of thy HENRY'S and thy EDWARD'S still resound ; and now their names are drowned in the greater GLOSTER ; oh what a godlike race has been lost in him ! what has his death cost to future ages !

BUT all the dispensations of Providence from above are good, if they are
rightly

THE LAST DAY. 67

rightly understood and justly used ; and though the frightful aspect of some of them may surprise us, most of those things we call ills, are only blessings in disguise. O happy issue ! who never knew the bright temptations sparkling from a throne ; their great parents, who the blessing knew, knowing engaged, and engaging overthrew.

NOW, just reward ! celestial crowns inclose their victorious brows with deathless glories. For lo the volume is thrown open, which is a just register of every thing beneath the sun since time began. Peace, O thou ocean, and be lulled into silence, ye sounding winds ; ye spheres, forbear to roll, and hear, O creation, thy great Master speak ! this is the first
time

68 THE LAST DAY.

time that ever blest angels shaked for guilty man. That hour, on which the ALMIGHTY KING from all eternity set his eye, whether his right hand favoured or annoyed, continued, altered, or destroyed, or downward hurled the southern or eastern sceptre, or gave either the north or west dominion over the world; the exact point of time for which God built the world, and for which the blood of God himself was spilt, that dreadful moment is at last arrived.

THE seats of bliss display their pomp aloft, the distinguished day is brighter than brightness itself; less glorious than when the eternal SON of God of old returned with trophies which he had won when he rode triumphant

THE LAST DAY. 69

umphant through heaven's high gates, and shouting angels hailed the victor God. Horrors are beneath, darkness, and hell of hell, where torments dwell behind torments; a formidable furnace deep and wide, always boiling over with a mad sulphurous tide, expanding its most dreadful jaws, roaring outrageously for its destined prey: and the scene is so dreadful, that the very sons of light are scarcely unappalled, when they look down, and press nearer to the everlasting throne of heaven.

SUCH is the dreadful scene, and one short moment more concludes the hopes and fears of all the race of mankind.

WHO

70 THE LAST DAY.

WHO dares proceed ? I tremble as I write ; I behold the whole creation swimming before my sight, and I see the JUDGE's frowning brow : do not say that it is distant, for I see it now : my tardy blood forgets to flow, I faint, and my soul recoils at the sight of this stupendous woe ; that woe which shall thus be pronounced from every guilty breast.

“ WHO was it that burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ? ah ! cruel death, that would no longer save me, but grudged me the narrow compass of my dark abode, and cast me out into the wrath of God, where our only song is shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain, and all the dreadful eloquence of
“ torment,

THE LAST DAY. 71

“ torment, and the sole refreshment
“ of our blasted sight the malignant
“ light of hell’s black fire.

“ MUST all those powers that were
“ given me by heaven to bring me joy
“ and supply my soul with pleasure,
“ now rise up in arms against me, and
“ join the foe? my sense, reason, and
“ memory only now encrease my woe;
“ and shall my voice, that was once
“ ordained to be employed in singing
“ hymns, utter corrupt groans, and
“ blow the fire of hell? Oh! must I
“ now look with terror on my gain,
“ and only measure my pain by the
“ existence of it? what! is there no
“ reprieve, not the least indulgence gi-
“ ven, not the least beam of hope
“ from any point of heaven? ah! mer-
“ cy!

72 THE LAST DAY.

“cy! mercy! art thou dead above?

“is it possible that love can be extin-

“guished in the source of love?

“DID heaven once stoop down to
“hell? was my ransom sealed by the
“expiring LORD of LIFE? have I
“not been industrious to provoke him,
“and obstinately broken from his em-
“braces, panting for those things
“which he mortally hates? have I
“not earned my destruction, and la-
“boured hard for my present fate,
“and dare I exclaim on extinguished
“love? O therefore take full ven-
“geance, and rouse the slackening
“flame: my lot is just, but oh! must
“it transcend the reach of time, and
“must I despair of an end to my mi-
“fery? though it should be at a dis-
“tance,

THE LAST DAY. 73

“ tance, must my trouble still arise,
“ and shoot forward with a dreadful
“ growth, where bold fancy dies, and
“ thought can never follow ?

“ AT the word Never, that dread-
“ ful sound, I fall down a dark and
“ profound abyss ! Oh horrid pain !
“ I still am falling : twice ten thou-
“ sand fathoms still remain ; my plunge
“ is only now begun. And is all this
“ for sin ? would I have offended, if I
“ had never been ? O had I still in-
“ creased the happy mass, and flourish-
“ ed in the grass ! O Father of mercies,
“ why didst thou awake me from the
“ silent earth, and curse me into be-
“ ing ? tear me from my quiet, and
“ ravish me from night ? and make
“ such a thankless wretch as me a
D “ present

74 THE LAST DAY.

“ present of thy light? push into be-
“ ing one who is quite the reverse of
“ thee, and animate a clod with mi-
“ sery and woe?

“ THE beasts are happy, they come
“ forth, and keep a short watch
“ on earth, and then peaceably lie
“ down to sleep. Pain is only ordain-
“ ed for men; and oh! how vast must
“ that pain be, which made the God-
“ head bleed in vain? and as far as in
“ them lay stifled all his groans, and
“ obliterated from their minds his a-
“ gony and death? As our punish-
“ ment is for ever strong, so is our
“ constitution renewed, and made al-
“ ways young. We are still cursed
“ with vigour, and made powerful to
“ bear and satisfy the flame: we are
“ still

THE LAST DAY. 75

“ still caught, and yet still pursued,
“ and we perish only to be again en-
“ livened.

“ MY GOD! at thy decree nature
“ is changed, and Hell is made to
“ succour me. Canst thou look down
“ from the seat of perfect happiness,
“ and see me plunging in this dark
“ abyss, pouring out blasphemies at
“ thy desire, and calling thee Father
“ in a flaming sea? Wilt thou raise
“ thy name by the anguish of mortals,
“ and by my pangs proclaim thine
“ own omnipotence?

“ O THOU who canst toss the
“ planets to and fro, do not contract
“ thy vengeance to my misery; lay
“ fallen angels in hotter flames, and

D 2

“ crush

76 THE LAST DAY.

“ crush other worlds, but do not cast
“ away thy almighty wrath upon me.
“ O call back thy thunders, hold in
“ thy rage, and do not engage with a
“ speck of wretchedness: Oh! do
“ not stoop to blame a worm, but
“ lose and forget me in the greatness
“ of thy name. Thou art all love, all
“ mercy, all divine, therefore do not
“ let thy glories cease to shew forth
“ thy grandeur. Shall sinful man
“ grow great by his offence, and turn
“ back omnipotence from its proper
“ course?

“ OH grant, great GOD! grant
“ at least this one slender, and almost
“ no request, that when I have wept
“ a thousand lives away, and when
“ torment is grown weary of punish-
“ ing

THE LAST DAY. 77

“ ing me, when I have raved ten thou-
“ sand years in fire, nay if it be ten
“ thousand thousands, O let my being
“ then be no more.”

THIS is deep anguish, but, alas ! it is too late ; the hopeless soul is bound to the bottom of the burning pool, tho’ loth to do it, yet every loud blasphemer owns he is justly doomed to pour out eternal groans, being inclosed in horrors, and for ever transfixed in pain, rolling in everlasting vengeance, and continually struggling with his chains : to talk to fiery tempests, and to implore the raging flame to give over its burning ; to toss, to wreath, to pant beneath his load, and bear the weight of the wrath of an offended God.

D 3

NOW

78 THE LAST DAY.

NOW those that are favoured of their JUDGE move off in triumph, to take possession of the thrones prepared for them in Heaven, and supply SATAN's accursed desertion there, filling all the vacant stations of the sky; and to kindle those rays that had been long extinguished, and dilate the heavenly blaze with new lights: to crop the roses of immortal youth, and drink plentifully at the fountain-head of sacred truth; to swim in seas of endless bliss; to lift their voices, and strike the string in praise of their almighty Monarch; to lose eternity in grateful themes, and fill Heaven's wide circumference with praise.

BUT I vainly attempt to describe those wonderful heights, they are far
above

THE LAST DAY. 79

above my capacity ; therefore I must leave unfinished the too lofty strain, and let others end what boldly I have begun. My strength being exhausted, fainting I must descend, and chase a less, but no ignoble theme ; I would now attempt to speak of the dissolving elements, and flaming worlds.

NOW the fatal period is come, and all nature shrinks at her approaching dissolution ; loud peals of thunder give the signal, and all the terrors of heaven are set in array, and surround this earthly ball ; sharp lightnings conspire with the blaze of meteors, and these together darting downwards, set the world on fire ; the black rising clouds thicken the æther, and spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke, and with

30 THE LAST DAY.

keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
and the darkned sky is stricken with a
dreadful glare; angels with immortal
force drive on the winds from the four
regions of heaven, to enrage the flame;
it spreads, it soars on high, till it swells
into a storm, and bellows through the
vaults of heaven; winding pyramids
of fire ascend, and in ruin blend cities
and deserts together: here blazing vo-
lumes thus waisted overwhelm the spa-
cious face of far distant realms, and
underminethe eternal hills, which rush
down, and fill the neighbouring vales
with destruction.

HEAREST thou not that dreadful
crack? that noise which broke like
peals of thunder, and shook the very
centre? It was OLYMPUS and mighty
ATLAS

THE LAST DAY. 81

ATLAS that fell, which were a towering monument of GOD's right-hand, and seemed to stand above the reach of fate; whose brows so lately spread their diffusive shade, and sheltered countries; they are now dissolved into dust and smoke.

HIGH amidst the clouds the boiling OCEAN now roars, and looks down on his decreasing bounds; the Leviathans now cry in plaintive thunder, and the long-lived echoes die in dismal plaints.

SHEW me now BRITANNIA, that celebrated spot, where all the various rulers of the severed ball have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redress; that land which Heaven once seemed

D 5 diligent

82 THE LAST DAY.

diligent to bless ; is it possible that her glories can end, and that her surrounding seas cannot defend her realms? Alas ! now her surrounding seas are all in flames, and the waters, like oil, seem only to augment the blaze.

SOME angel now say, where did proud ASIA'S boundaries run, or whereabouts it was that fair EUROPA was crowned with fruits ; where waste LYBIA lay stretched ; where now lies INDIA, with her golden ore, which sparkled with diamonds. Each kingdom is now lost in another, and every mingled realm flows in one fiery deluge. Thus all the earth's contending monarchies are joined, and a full period is put to ambition.

NOW all the inhabitants of earth,
of

THE LAST DAY. 83

of sea, or of skies, and all on whom
ADAM with great wisdom fixed a name,
are plunged and perish in the conquer-
ing flame.

IF the whole globe were compound-
ed together, it would only defraud the
fire, and starve its devouring rage:
now the flakes aspire, catch the clouds,
and make the heavens their prey; the
sun, moon, and stars all melt away, and
leave a mighty blank: the whole crea-
tion sinks, involved in flame; the
glorious frame, in which ten thousand
worlds used radiantly to dance, and
proceed in their different wondrous
courses, orb above orb, at the com-
mand and by the power of that over-
ruling hand which kindled all the stars,
and rounded the ball in its palm, is all

D 6

crushed

84 THE LAST DAY.

crushed and lost, and no monument nor sign remains, where once so proudly blazed the gay machine. Just as bubbles on the foaming stream die away, and the sparks that scatter from the kindling fire; the devastation of a dreadful hour destroy the six days work of the great CREATOR.

HOW rich must that GOD then be, who can defray such a charge, and be able to fling away the great wealth of ten thousand worlds! And yet (ye wondring nations hear!) one soul far out weighs the whole, and can boast of a more exalted and superior excellence, and casts down to nothing such a vast expence. Have ye not seen the eternal mountains nod, and a descending GOD dissolving all the earth before him?

THE LAST DAY. 85

him? What strange surprises have risen thro' all nature! For whom are these revolutions, but for man? For him OMNIPOTENCE constantly takes new measures, and wakes for him through all eternity; pours on him fresh gifts, sufficient to supply the loss of heaven, and fill the sky with fresh glories.

THINK therefore, O man, how great thou art, and with a trembling heart pay thyself homage; therefore no longer dare to neglect what the angels guard, and affront not the respect that GOD puts upon thee, by slighting thyself: enter the sacred temple of thy breast, and gaze and wander there delighted: gaze on all those hidden treasures thou shalt find there, and wander through all the glories of
thy

36 THE LAST DAY.

thy mind. Here see the dawning light of perfect knowledge, which foretels a noon that shall be exquisitely bright; here springs of endless joy are breaking forth, and there the promise of celestial worth buds, which must ripen in a happier climate, where is a brighter sun beyond the bounds of time. Thou art only now a minor, and canst not guess at the value of thy vast estate, what stores on foreign coasts wait thy landing. Lose not therefore thy claim, but tread in the paths of virtue; thus wilt thou glad all heaven, and please thy bountiful God, who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high yon radiant orb, that proud regent of the celestial domains: and when that service is done, its beams shall disappear, and God shall shine forth in one eternal day.



THE
CONFLAGRATION.

An ODE.

[BY MRS. ROWE.]

I.

SUPINE as men before the deluge
lay,
In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,

Till

38 THE CONFLAGRATION.

Till swift destruction swept them all
away,

The stupid world will then be
found

In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
When loud to judgment the last trum-
pets found.

Then time shall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by
the sun ;

Which ne'er again shall run,
With vig'rous pride, the shining Zo-
diac o'er.

II.

A SUDDEN change the living
shall translate
To an immortal from a mortal state :
While

THE CONFLAGRATION. 89

While those that slumber in the grave
 awake
In crowds, their former vehicles to
 take,
Endu'd with principles that may sus-
 tain
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

III.

AND now begins the universal
 wreck ;
The wheels of nature stand, or change
 their course,
And backward hurrying with disorder'd
 force,
The long establish'd laws of mo-
 tion break.

The

90 THE CONFLAGRATION.

The reflux rivers to their fountains
run,

Their antient paths and well known
channels shun.

The seas their sandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Against the rocks, with stormy
pride,

The angry billows roar :

Now swelling, like transparent mounts
appear,

Which to the clouds their lofty sum-
mits rear,

And mingle with the virgin waters
there :

Here,

THE CONFLAGRATION. 91

Here, like the mouth of hell, vast
 whirlpools yawn,
And down the rapid gulph whole
 floods and isles are drawn.

IV.

PRODIGIOUS thunders shake the
 sky,
As from their cells with clam'rous rage
 they break ;
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they
 fly,
And trace the clouds with many a
 fiery streak :
While in the darken'd air
With horrid beams malignant comets
 glare.

Encountering

92 THE CONFLAGRATION.

Encountring tempests strive,
Which mighty winds across each other
drive ;
Loos'd from the spacious cavities be-
low
From all th' adverse points of heav'n
they blow,
And murmur from afar with stormy
found ;
While burning bolts and hail-stones
rake the ground.
Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and
there,
Trees from their roots, stones from
their rocks they tear.

THE

V.

THE central fire within its prison
 raves,
And all the globe with strong concus-
 sions shakes,
As from its urn in sulph'rous waves
 The dreadful element breaks ;
Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it
 flows,
Thro' ev'ry clift and winding fissure
 glows,
And wild excursions makes.
Its course no subterranean damps
 oppose,
From vein to vein the active particles
 take fire,
And towards the surface of the globe
 aspire ;

Whole

49 THE CONFLAGRATION.

Whole groves, and hills, and buildings
under mine,

Whole groves and hills, and palaces
drop in :

Wide gapes the direful gulph, and
where

Tall mountains stood, prodigious
chasms appear.

With wilder fury here

The fierce materials outward rush,
And where ev'n now, a level plain was
spread,

Vast rocks and frowning steeps erect
their hideous head ;

From whose dark entrails livid torrents
gush,

And glowing cataracts spout :

Like Ætna now the new Volcano roars,
Unweildy

THE CONFLAGRATION. 95

Unweildy stones, and burning craggs
throws out,
With show'rs of sand, and seas of melt-
ed ores.

VI.

WHILE louder still on high the trum-
pets found,
And reach the dreary kingdoms under
ground.
Hell's deep foundations the strange
echoes shake,
With terrors fill each raging fiend,
The earth with strong concussions
rend,
And wide disclose the vast infernal
lake,
With all the execrable dens below,
The dwellings of unutterable woe.
Thick

96 THE CONFLAGRATION.

Thick steams from the unbottom'd
 gulph arise,
 And blacken all the skies :
The startled sun winks at the horrid
 sight,
And robs the moon of all her silver
 light ;
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame ex-
 pires,
Or to its first original retires.
Now mightier pangs the whole crea-
 tion feels ;
Each planet from its shatter'd axis
 reels,
And orbs immense on orbs immense
 drop down,
Like scatt'ring leaves from off their
 branches blown.

AGAIN

VII.

AGAIN the great archangel's summons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on high.
Wide fly the portals of eternal day,
To give the king of glory way :
And lo ! the SON of GOD descends,
Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends ;
On louring clouds he sits, enthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,
And bellowing thunder with shrill voices found :

E

To

98 THE CONFLAGRATION.

To judge the world he comes with
awful state,

Ten thousand times ten thousand on
him wait,

Cherub and seraphim,

With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,

Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.

And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare ;)

Like Hesperus leading on the countless stars,

The God before his radiant train appears ;

Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe ;

Around

THE CONFLAGRATION. 99

Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory
streams.

VIII.

THE waters see, and downward
sink,
The mountains melt like wax before
the fire,
The folding heav'ns together shrink,
And with a mighty noise the clashing
orbs retire.
Despairing, trembling, mad, the vici-
ous fly,
And to the falling rocks for shelter
cry ;

ICO THE CONFLAGRATION.

To hell's impenetrable shades would
run,

The face of their vindictive judge to
shun.

The shudd'ring fiends t' avoid his
fight,

Beneath the burning deeps would
hide ;

Unable now to bear celestial light,

Or the resplendence of his looks
abide.

IX.

UNMOV'D alone the virtuous now
appear,

And in their looks a calm assurance
wear,

Nor hell, nor all its horrors fear.

From

THE CONFLAGRATION. 101

From east, from west, from north and
south they come,

To take from the most righteous judge
their doom ;

Who thus, to them, with a serene re-
gard ;

(The books of life before him
laid,

And all the secret records wide dis-
play'd)

“ According to your works be your re-
ward ;

“ As my reproach and cross you did
“ not fear,

“ To men and angels I approve you
“ here ;

“ Possess immortal kingdoms as your
“ due

“ Prepar'd from an eternal date for
“ you.”

X.

THE glitt'ring legions shout above,
And down ten thousand heav'nly
guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful charges to the
sky:
And upwards now with wond'rous
state they move,
Melodious welcomes they receive on
high,
With shining robes, victorious palms
and crowns,
Celestial dignities, and everlasting
thrones;
While beauty, life, and joy, with love
divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their
faces shine.

TH'

XI.

TH' apostate spirits rage, as when
they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to
hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the
sky.
The sinners gnash their teeth for envy
too ;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful
Deity !

“ FROM me, accurst ! for ever go,
“ And dwell with endless burnings,
“ Endless night and woe.
“ In vain in your adversity you cry,
“ Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
“ As you were once to me.”

XII.

LIKE stings these fatal accents
wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas
confound ;
Opprest with shame, confusion, and
despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judg-
ment bear.
Th' unfathom'd deep to swallow them
gapes wide ;
And now without controul
The fiery furies roll,
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side :
Where, without intermission, without
end,
Howling and lamentations loud a-
scend ;

With

THE CONFLAGRATION. 105

With flames and hellish smother, which
appear
To form about the globe a dreadful
atmosphere.

XIII.

WHY vice was prosp'rous, virtue
why distrest,
With all the deep-writ sense,
The dark mysterious ways of provi-
dence,
To men and angels now are manifest.



E 5

O N



ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
And Ensuing JUDGMENT.

A Pindaric ESSAY.

[BY MR. POMFRET.]

I.

NOW the black days of universal
doom [are come:
Which wondrous prophecies foretold,
What

CONFLAGRATION. 107

What strong convulsions, what stupen-
dous woe,

Must sinking nature undergo,
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final
overthrow !

Methinks I hear her, conscious of her
fate,

With fearful groans and hideous
cries,

Fill the presaging skies,
Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching
miseries.

Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring, raving with
despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, pre-
pare,

Ye sublunary pow'rs t' attend my
funeral.

II.

SEE, the tragical portents,
Those dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting
lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the
troubled sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is
nigh.

See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving nature to her
tomb!
And, scatt'ring round their pestilential
rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a
wild amaze.

Vast

CONFLAGRATION. 109

Vast sheets of flame, and globes of
fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of th' in-
ferior heav'n;
Till, hid in sulph'rous smoak, they
seemingly expire.

III.

SAD and amazing 'tis to see,
What mad confusion rages over all
This scorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation
free,
But each partakes the epidemic misery.
What dismal havock of mankind is
made

By

110 CONFLAGRATION.

By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful
earth !

Which with a murd'ring fury they
invade,

Forsook by providence, and all propi-
tious aid !

Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost
rage employ,

To ruin all things here below ;
Their malice and revenge no limits
know,

But in the universal tumults all destroy.

IV.

DISTRACTED mortals from their
cities fly,

For safety to their champain
ground :

But there no safety can be found ;
The

CONFLAGRATION. III

The vengeance of an angry deity,
With unrelenting fury does inclose
 them round ;

And whilst for mercy some aloud
 implore

The God they ridicul'd before ;
And others, raving with their
 woe,

(For hunger, thirst, despair they
 undergo)

BlaspHEME and curse the pow'r they
 should adore ;

The earth, parch'd up with drought,
 her jaws extends,

And opening wide a dreadful
 tomb,

The howling multitude at once de-
 scends

Together all into her burning womb.

THE

V.

THE trembling Alps abscond their
aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it
spreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret
chains,
Which hold together their prodigious
sides,
And hurls the shattered rocks o'er
all the plains ;
While towns and cities, ev'ry thing
below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of
woe.

NO

VI.

NO show'rs descend from the ma-
 lignant sky,
 To cool the burning of the thirsty
 field;
 The trees no leaves, no grass the mea-
 dows, yield,
 But all is barren, all is dry.
 The little rivulets no more
 To larger streams their tribute pay,
 Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
 Which, with a strange unusual roar,
 Forsakes those antient bounds it would
 have pass'd before.
 And to the monstrous deep in vain
 retires:
 For ev'n the deep itself is not se-
 cure,

But,

114 CONFLAGRATION.

But, belching subterraneous fires.
Increases still the scalding calenture
Which neither earth, nor air, nor wa-
ter can endure.

VII.

THE sun by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and ago-
nies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple
flood
O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted
blood ;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The

CONFLAGRATION. 115

The larger planets, which once shone
so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd
light.
Shook from their centre, without mo-
tion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

VIII.

AMIDST the dreadful hurricane of
woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill ev'ry region of the tortur'd earth
or air)
The great archangel his loud trum-
pet blows ;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize :
For

116 CONFLAGRATION.

For now she'll in few minutes
know
Th' ultimate event and fate of all be-
low.

Awake, ye dead, awake, she cries;
(For all must come)
All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last unalterable doom.

IX.

AT this the ghastly tyrant, who had
sway'd
So many thousand ages uncon-
troul'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himself a
captive made.

The

CONFLAGRATION. 117

The scatter'd particles of human
clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark cham-
bers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow im-
mortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred pow'r,
Which can collect, wherever
cast,
The smallest atoms, and that shape
restore
Which they had worn so many years
before,
That thro' strange accidents and num-
'rous changes past!

SEE

X.

SEE how the joyful angels fly
 From every quarter of the sky,
 To gather, and to convey all
 The pious sons of human race,
 To one capacious place,
 Above the confines of this flaming ball,
 See with what tenderness and
 love they bear
 Those righteous souls thro' the
 tumult'ous air;
 Whilst the ungodly stand below,
 Raging with shame, confusion, and de-
 spair,
 Amidst the burning overthrow,
 Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter
 woe.

Round

CONFLAGRATION. 119

Round them infernal spirits howl-
ing fly;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains!
they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable blas-
phemy.

XI.

HARK how the daring sons of infa-
my,
Who once dissolv'd in pleasures
lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous
day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide
'em cry,
But rocks and mountains all in ashes
lie.

Their

120 CONFLAGRATION.

Their shame's so mighty, and so strong
their fear,

That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would
be hurled

Amongst the burning ruins of the
world.

And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever
there.

Time was they would not own a
DEITY,

Nor after death a future state ;
But now, by sad experience find,
too late,

There is, and terrible to that de-
gree,

That rather than behold his face, they'd
cease to be ;

And

CONFLAGRATION. 121

And sure 'tis better, if heav'n would
give consent,
To have no being ; but they must
remain
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punish-
ment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be
underwent !

XII.

But thro' the eastern skies, expand-
ing wide,
The Glorious Judge Omnipotent de-
scends,
And to the sublunary world his passage
bends ;
Where cloath'd with human nature, he
did once reside.

F

Round

122 CONFLAGRATION.

Round him the bright æthereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their Celestial King ;
All glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the essential ONE, and co-eternal
THREE.

Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed !
Perish by thy Almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws,
expose ;

The

CONFLAGRATION. 123

The cursed refuse of mankind, and
hell's proud feed.

Now to the unbelieving nations
shew,

Thou art a God from all eternity ;
Not titular, or but by office so ;
And let 'em the mysterious union
see

Of human nature with the DEITY.

XIII.

WITH mighty transports, yet with
awful fears,

The good behold this glorious sight ;
Their God in all his majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting
light.

F 2

Round

124 CONFLAGRATION.

Round the tribunal, next to the Most
High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
Peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious
croud,
In the white bosom of a shining
cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble
crimes,
Did, with a steady course, pur-
sue
His holy precepts in the worst of
times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man
or devils could do.

And

CONFLAGRATION. 125

And now that God they did to death
adore,

For whom such torments and such
pains they bore,

Returns to place them on those
thrones above,

Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they
will possess

Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his pow'r, and lasting
as his love.

XIV.

GO bring, the Judge impartial,
frowning, cries,

Those rebel sons, who did my laws
despise;

F 3

Whom

126 CONFLAGRATION.

Whom neither threats nor promises
could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my
love,
To save themselves from everlasting
miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest
thought,
And less than in an instant
brought
The wretched, cursed, infernal
crew ;
Who with distorted aspect come
To hear their sad' intolerable doom.
Alas, they cry, one beam of mercy
shew,
Thou all-forgiving deity !
To pardon crimes is natural to thee ;
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our
woe :

CONFLAGRATION. 127

But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with omnipotence
contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at
last expire,
And all our tortures have an end,
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot
bear!
Though now our bodies too im-
mortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the last
degree;
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let 'em not extend to all eternity.

XV.

LO, now there does no place re-
main

For penitence and tears, but all

F 4

Must

128 CONFLAGRATION.

Must by their actions stand or fall :
 To hope for pity is in vain,
 The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd
 again,

Two mighty books are by two
 angels brought :

In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The law of nature, and divine
 commands :

In that, each action, word, and
 thought,

Whate'er was in secret said or wrought,
 Then first the virtuous and the }
 good, }

Who all the fury of temptation stood, }
 And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, }
 chains and blood, }

Attended

CONFLAGRATION. 129

Attended by their guardian angels,
come

To the tremendous bar of final
doom.

In vain the grand accuser, railing,
brings

A long indictment of enormous
things,

Whose guilt wiped off by penitential
tears,

And their Redeemer's blood and
agonies,

No more to their astonishment ap-
pears,

But in the secret womb of dark oblivion
lies.

XVI.

XVI.

COME, now, my friends, he cries,
ye sons of grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and
shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name ;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's
embrace ;
Ascend, and those bright diadems
possess,
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world
was laid ;
And that surprizing happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and
will ne'er be less.

For

CONFLAGRATION. 131

For when I languishing in prison
lay,

Naked and starv'd almost for want of
bread,

You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloath'd my body, and my
hunger fed.

Weary'd with sickness, and oppress'd
with grief,

Your hand was always ready to sup-
ply :

Whene'er I wanted, you was always
by,

To share my sorrows, or to give re-
lief.

In all distress, so tender was your
love,

I could no anxious trouble bear ;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,

132 CONFLAGRATION.

And mourn'd your charitable hand
should unsuccessful prove :

All this you did, though not to
me

In person, yet to mine in misery,

And shall for ever live [give, }

In all the glories that a God can }

Or a created being's able to receive.

XVII.

At this the architects divine on
high,

Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order,
place

The human co-heirs of eternity ;
And with united hymns the God in-
carnate praise.

O

CONFLAGRATION. 133

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,
By all thy creatures constantly ador'd !
Ineffable, co-equal THREE,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to heaven and
earth,
Yet always wast thyself, and wilt for
ever be ;
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er
possess'd
Those thrones, and this immense
felicity,
Could ne'er have been so infinitely
blest :
Therefore all glory, pow'r, dominion, }
majesty, }
To thee, O Lamb of God, to }
Thee }
For ever, longer than for ever be. }

XVIII.

THEN the incarnate Godhead turns
his face

To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his
eyes)

Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of
light,

In burning darkness, and in flam-
ing night!

Which shall no limit or cessation
know,

But always are extreme, and always
will be so.

The

CONFLAGRATION. 135

The final sentence past, a dreadful
cloud

Inclosing all the miserable croud,

A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,

And hurl'd 'em all into a lake of fire,

Which never, never, never can ex-
pire ;

The vast abyss of endless woes :

Whilst with their God the righteous }
mount on high,

In glorious triumph passing }
through the sky,

To joys immense, and everlasting }
extasy.

T H E



T H E
L A S T J U D G M E N T .

[B Y D R . W A T T S .]

SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestick throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

“ I AM the first, and I the last,
“ Thro’ endless years the same ;
“ I AM is my memorial still,
“ And my eternal name.
“ SUCH

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 137

" SUCH favours as a God can give,

" My royal grace bestows ;

" Ye thirsty souls, come taste the
streams

" Where life and pleasure flows.

" THE saint that triumphs o'er his
sins,

" I'll own him for a son ;

" The whole creation shall reward

" The conquests he has won.

" BUT bloody hands, and hearts un-
clean,

" And all the lying race,

" The faithless and the scoffing crew,

" That spurn at offer'd grace ;

" THEY

138 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"THEY shall be taken from my
fight,

"Bound fast in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkness reigns."

O MAY I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my
name

With blessings on my head:

MAY I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banished down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

T H E



T H E
E N D
O F T H E
W O R L D.

(B Y T H E S A M E)

WHY should this earth delight
us so?

Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows
grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

WHILE

140 THE END OF THE WORLD.

WHILE time his sharpest teeth pre-
pares

Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

NATURE shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

WHEN will that glorious morning
rise?

When the last trumpet found,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

G O D.



GOD the THUNDERER;

O R,

The LAST JUDGMENT and HELL.

Made in a great sudden storm of
thunder, August the 26th, 1697.

(BY THE SAME.)

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly
hosts,

And thou, O earth, adore:

Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.

HIS

142 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

HIS founding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning ly,
'Till vengeance darts them down.

HIS nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
Thunder roars along.

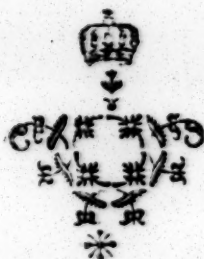
THINK, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad;

WHAT shall the wretch, the sinner
do?

He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

TEMPESTS

TEMPESTS of angry fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.



The



The LAST JUDGMENT.

(BY THE SAME.)

THE God of Glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the South nations, and awakes
 the North :
 From East to West the sovereign orders
 spread,
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the
 dead.
 The trumpet sounds ; Hell trembles ;
 Heaven rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye faints, with
 chearful voices.

NO

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 145

NO more shall Atheists mock his
long delay ;

His vengeance sleeps no more : be-
hold the day :

Behold the Judge descends ; his guards
are nigh ;

Tempests and fire attend him down
the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall
adore him ;

While sinners tremble, faints rejoice
before him.

“ HEAVEN, Earth, and Hell,
draw near : let all things come,
“ To hear my justice and the sin-
ner’s doom ;

G

“ But

146 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

“ But gather first my saints ; (the
Judge commands)

“ Bring them, ye angels, from their
distant land ;”

When Christ returns, wake every
cheerful passion ;

And shout, ye saints ! he comes for
your salvation.

“ BEHOLD ! my cov’nant stands
for ever good,

“ Seal’d by the eternal sacrifice in
blood,

“ And sign’d with a’l their names ;
the Greek, the Jew !

“ That paid the ancient worship or
the new.”

There’s

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 147

There's no distinction here, join all
your voices,
And raise your heads, ye faints, for
Heaven rejoices.

“ HERE (saith the Lord) ye angels
spread your thrones,

“ And near me seat my fav'rites
and my sons,

“ Come, my redeemed, possess the
joys prepared

“ Ere time began ; 'tis your divine
reward.”

When Christ returns, wake every cheer-
ful passion ;

And shout, ye faints ! he comes for
your salvation.

G 2

“ I AM

148 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

“ I AM the Saviour, I th’ Almighty
God ;

“ I am the Judge ; Ye Heav’ns pro-
claim abroad

“ My just eternal sentence, and de-
clare

“ Those awful truths that sinners
dread to hear.”

When God appears, all nature shall
adore him ;

While sinners tremble, faints rejoice
before him.

“ STAND forth, thou bold blas-
phemer, and profane,

“ Now feel my wrath, nor call my
threatnings vain :

“ Thou

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 149

“Thou hypocrite, once drest in
faint's attire,

“I doom thee, painted hypocrite,
to fire.”

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles;
Heaven rejoices;

Lift up your heads ye saints, with
cheerful voices.

“NOT for the want of goats or
bullocks slain

“Do I condemn thee; bulls and
goats are vain

“Without the flames of love: In
vain the store

“Of brutal off'rings that were mine
before.”

150 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall
adore him ;

While sinners tremble, faints rejoice
before him.

“ If I were hungry, would I ask
thee food ?

“ When did I thirst or drink thy
bullock's blood ?

“ Mine are the tamer beasts and
savage breed,

“ Flocks, herds and fields, and fo-
rests where they feed.”

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide
creation ;

Gives sinners vengeance, and the faints
salvation.

“ CAN

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 151

"CAN I be flattered with thy
cringing bows,

"Thy solemn chatterings and fan-
tastic vows ?

"Are my eyes charmed thy vest-
ments to behold,

"Glaring in gems, and gay in
woven gold ?"

God is the judge of hearts, no fair dis-
guises

Can screen the guilty when his ven-
geance rises.

"UNTHINKING wretch ! how
couldst thou hope to please

"A God, a spirit, with such toys
as these ?

G 4

"While

152 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

“ While with my grace and statutes
on thy tongue,

“ Thou lov’st deceit, and dost thy
brother wrong ?”

Judgment proceeds ; Hell trembles ;
Heaven rejoices ;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with
cheerful voices.

“ IN vain to pious forms thy zeal
pretends ;

“ Thieves and adult’ers are thy
chosen friends ;

“ While the false flatt’rer at my
altar waits,

“ His hard’ned soul divine instruc-
tion hates.”

God

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 153

God is the judge of hearts, no fair dis-
guises

Can screen the guilty when his ven-
geance rises.

“ SILENT I waited with long-suf-
fering love :

“ But didst thou hope that I should
ne’er reprove ?

“ And cherish such an impious
thought within,

“ That the All Holy would indulge
thy sin ?”

See God appears, all nations join t’
adore him,

Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall
before him.

G 5 “ BEHOLD

154 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

“ BEHOLD my terrors now ; my
thunders roll,

“ And thy own crimes affright thy
guilty soul.

“ Now like a lion shall my ven-
geance tear

“ Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv’-
rer near.”

Judgment concludes ; Hell trembles ;
Heaven rejoices :

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with
cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

“ SINNERS, awake betimes ; ye
fools, be wise,

“ Awake before this dreadful morn-
ing rise :

“ Change

THE LAST JUDGMENT. 155

“ Change your vain thoughts, your
crooked works amend,

“ Fly to the Saviour, make the
Judge your friend.”

Then join the saints, wake every chear-
ful passion ;

When Christ returns, he comes for
your salvation.



THE RESURRECTION.

This Poem describes a painting over the altar in
Magdalen College, Oxford.

BY MR. ADDISON.

THE pencil's glowing lines and
 vast command, [hand,
 And mankind rising from the painter's
 The awful Judge array'd in beamy light,
 And spectres trembling at the dread-
 ful sight, [spire,
 To sing, O Muse, the pious bard in-
 And waken in his breast the sacred fire.
 THE hallow'd field, a bare white
 wall of late,
 Now cloath'd in gaudy colours, shines
 in state ;
 And lest some little interval confess
 Its ancient simple form and homely
 dress,

The

RESURRECTION. 157

The skilful artist laid o'er every part
The first foundation of his future art :
O'er the wide frame his ductile colours
led,

And with strong primings all the wall
o'erspread.

As e'er yon spangling orbs were
hung on high,

Left one great blank should yawn
through boundless sky,

Through the wide heavenly arch and
trackless road

In azure volumes the pure æther
flow'd ;

The sun at length burns out intensely
bright, *

And the pale crescent sheds her bor-
row'd light.

With

158 RESURRECTION.

With thick-sown stars the radiant
 pole is crown'd,
 Of milky glories a long track is
 found,
 O'erflows, and whitens all the hea-
 ven around.

So when the ground-work of the
 piece was laid,
 Nor yet the painter had his art dis-
 play'd,
 With flower hand and pencil more
 divine,
 He blends each colour, heightens eve-
 ry line ; [wears,
 Till various forms the breathing picture
 And a mute groupe of images appears.

CELESTIAL guards the topmost
 height attend,
 And crouds of angels o'er the wall
 descend ;

With

RESURRECTION. 159

With their big cheeks the deafning
clarions wind,

Whose dreadful clangors startle all
mankind :

E'en the dead hear ; the lab'ring graves
conceive,

And the swollen clod in picture seems
to heave.

Ten thousand worlds revive to better
skies,

And from their tombs the thronging
corpses rise.

So when fam'd Cadmus sow'd the
fruitful field,

With pregnant throws the quicken'd
furrow swell'd ;

From the warm soil sprung up a war-
like train,

And human harvests cover'd all the
plain.

AND

160 RESURRECTION.

AND now from every corner of the
earth
The scatter'd dust is call'd to second
birth ;
Whether in mines it form'd the rip'-
ning mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the
grass.
The sever'd body now unites again,
And kindred atoms rally into men.
The various joints resume their ancient
seats,
And every limb its former task repeats.
Here, an imperfect form returns to
light,
Not half renew'd, dishonest to the
sight ;
Maim'd

RESURRECTION. 161

Maim'd of his nose appears his blotted
face,

And scarce the image of a man we
trace :

Here, by degrees infus'd, the vital ray
Gives the first motion to the panting
clay :

Slow to new life, the thawing fluids
creep,

And the stiff joints wake heavily from
sleep.

Here, on the guilty brow pale horrors
glare,

And all the figure labours with despair.

FROM scenes like these now turn
thy wond'ring sight,

And if thou canst withstand such floods
of light,

Look!

162 RESURRECTION.

Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the
middle space,
The SON of GOD, true image of his
face,
Himself eternal GOD, ere Time be-
gan her race.
See! what mild beams their gracious
influence shed,
And how the pointed radiance crowns
his head!
Around his temples lambent glories
shine,
And on his brow sits majesty divine!
His eye-balls lighten with celestial fires,
And every grace to speak the GOD
conspires!
But, ah! how chang'd! ah! how
unlike the same
From him, who patient wore the mor-
tal frame;

Who

RESURRECTION. 163

Who through a scene of woes drew
painful breath,

And struggled with a sad, slow, long-
drawn death;

Who gave on Golgotha the dreadful
groan,

Bearer of others sins, and suff'rings
not his own.

But Death and Hell subdu'd, the Deity
Ascends triumphant to his native sky;
And rising far above th' æthereal
height,

The sun and moon diminish to his
fight.

AND now to view he bar'd his
bleeding side,

And his pierc'd hands and feet in
crimson dy'd,

Still

164 RESURRECTION.

Still did the nails the recent scars re-
veal,

And bloody tracks of the transfixing
steel.

Hither in crouds the blessed shape
their flight,

And throng the mansions of immortal
light.

They mark each fatal word, each dread-
ful nod,

And bless the righteous sentence of
their God.

The fruitful matron, and the spotless
maid,

And infants, with a longer life repaid :

Stand round, and drinking in cele-
stial rays,

On their REDEEMER fix with ar-
dent gaze,

And all the heavens resound with
hymns of praise.

And

RESURRECTION. 165

Each bosom kindles with seraphic joy,
And conscious extasies the soul employ.
Not equal raptures swell the Sybil's
breast,

When by the inmate Deity possess'd;
When Phœbus, the prophetic maid,
inspires,

And her limbs tremble with convul-
sive fires.

So strong, so fierce, the painted flames
arise,

The pale spectator views them with
surprise;

Believes the blazing wall indeed to
burn,

And fears the frame should into ashes
turn.

Hither

166 RESURRECTION.

Hither in ghastly crouds the guilty
haste,

Obscene with horror, and with guilt
defac'd :

With haggard looks the gloomy fiends
appear ;

They gnash their foamy teeth, and
frown severe :

A stern avenger with relentless mind,
Waving a flamey fauchion, stalks be-
hind ;

With which, as once from paradise he
drove,

He drives the finners from the joys
above.

What shall he do forlorn ? or whither
fly,

To shun the ken of an All-seeing Eye ?
What

RESURRECTION. 167

What would he give among the just to
shine,

And fall before Omnipotence divine?

But, oh! too late in sighs he vents his
woe,

Too late his eyes with gushing tears
o'erflow:

Vain are his sighs, and fruitless are his
tears,

Vengeance and justice stop th' AL-
MIGHTY'S ears.

SEE! with what various charms the
piece is fraught,

And with what pregnant marks of judg-
ment wrought;

With how much grace the living co-
lours glow:

Not brighter colours paint the watry
bow,

When

168 RESURRECTION.

When the fresh show'rs her various
lulstre share,
And ev'ry drop with spangles decks
the air.

O may the painter's labours never
fade,
Nor wasteful Time their shining
charms invade :
No envious darkness shade the beauti-
ous tints,
Till the piece sees the LAST GREAT
DAY it paints.

MEDITATIONS



MEDITATIONS

AMONGST THE

T O M B S.

[By Mr. ADDISON.]

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that

H is

is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, cloysters, and the church, amusing myself with the stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another ; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind, I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons ; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given

en them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfilochumque. VIRG.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Therfilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by the *path of an arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

UPON my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovel full of it that was thrown up, the frag-

ment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that antient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

AFTER having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were,
in

in a lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the persons departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these unin-

habited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I COULD not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often
given

given me great offence; instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than we meet with in those of our own country. The

monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the publick expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

BUT to return to our subject: I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same
pleasure

pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow : when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little

H 5 competitions,

competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.



THE



T H E

J O Y S of H E A V E N.

WE consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist, as a kind of center to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason many witty

H 6

authors

authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

PHILOSOPHY, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions; which we may call in English, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *æternitas a parte ante*, and *æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them, than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in
other

other- words, the former has an end and the latter a beginning.

LET us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was present, is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of
any

any duration's being past implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present, is actually included in the idea of being past. This depth therefore is not to be founded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

IF we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings do exist, which is, a successive duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which
exists

exists after this manner, all the parts, of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present, does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part

part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not lie at some determined distance from us. The distances in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties; but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

IT is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it,

it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God; and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in the matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

HAVING thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may
be

be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

FIRST, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

SECONDLY, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

THIRDLY, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

FOURTHLY, that this eternal Being must therefore be the great
Author

Author of nature, the ancient of days, who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I KNOW that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; eternity is with him a *punctum flans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven.

Nothing

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.

FOR my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge,

ledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner, or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever ; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years ; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently

ly

ly that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

IN the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that *I am hath sent you*. Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in
reality

reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists, whose existence is eternally present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I SHALL conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves, and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite nature? What must be the overflowings of that good will which
prompted

prompted our Creator to adopt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient

ficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

IT is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall never be able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity.

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I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bear analogy to truth, and to the doctrines open to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant

conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Afric. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature, that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find our-

selves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from
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my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the Heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstances which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflexion upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures, which it supposes the souls of

good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding and the will, with all the senses, both outward and inward ; or to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures ; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers when they are gratified with their proper objects ; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of
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the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Dr. Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life ; it is not impossible, according to the opinion of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered

to all those faculties which are essential to us.

WE are likewise to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

WE cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its

its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so ; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there

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is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

SEEING then that the soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any
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faculty which is of no use to it : that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness ; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man ; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of ; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving ?

WE shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns,
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and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

REVELATION likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination; in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels,
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and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such

a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

SOME of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine ; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and various habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I MIGHT here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflexion of my readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages, joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderful a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with

with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

THERE cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of
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our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

F I N I S.



